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PRICE FIVE CENTS

COLONIAL FAMILY HISTORY

The Morris of New York and New Jersey in Early Times.

From a Paper in The N. Y. Mail and Express, by Annie A. Haxton.

Col. Lewis Morris, Judge of the Admiralty, records his second marriage in his family Bible: "The 31 day of November 1746 I was married to Mrs. Sarah Gouverneur by Thomas Standen, minister of the parish of Westchester." Why both of his wives' names are written with the prefix Mrs. I cannot understand from comparison with other family records; neither of them was a widow. The second wife was a daughter of Isaac Gouverneur, a merchant of New York, and his wife Sara Staats (daughter of Samuel), so granddaughter of Nicolas Gouverneur, who was son of Abraham Gouverneur and Maria Milborne, widow of Jacob Milborne, and daughter of Jacob Leisler.

Of this marriage came Gouverneur Morris, a man celebrated in all respects. He came to France at the time of the French Revolution, a person who at home and abroad won the esteem of contemporaries and successors, his birth in the family Bible tells his early history.

"The 30th of January about half an hour after one o'clock in the morning in the year 1754 according to the alterations of the style by act of Parliament in 1752, was delivered a son. He was christened the 4th of May 1752, and named Gouverneur, after my wife's father, Nicholas Gouverneur and my son Staats were his godfathers, and my sister Antil his godmother. My son Antichrist was then the pastor of Trinity Church.

Gouverneur Morris stands out in history as one of the bright lights of the period. A brilliant patriot of the constitutional struggle, from his pen the final draft of the Constitution is said to have come; an intimate friend of Washington's, a business partner of Robert Morris, the financier, who the signer and the great bulwark of the colonies when the new world was being founded. American independence did his duty in the spirit of his trust to the end, with the simplicity of his great nature.

Gouverneur Morris, wealthy, handsome, a hero and a statesman, took the enjoyment of life as they came to him as a result of his life's record. He had it all, and yet the great thing wanting to the Morris mind in their love of home only came to him when, at 58 years of age, he married Anne Carey, daughter of Thomas Randolph of Virginia, a descendant of Pocahontas, and left one son, also Gouverneur, who, in the course of events, became a farmer.

Col. Lewis Morris, Judge of the Admiralty, gave and received honor through his three sons, Lewis, Richard and Gouverneur, but his peculiar will in regard to two of them shows the bigotry and the selfishness of the epoch.

Lewis, whether through the influence of his mother or no, history does not confide to us, was educated at Yale, but in the father's will, for some cause unknown, after expressly stating that Gouverneur, the Benjamin of his flock, should have the best education to be held in England or America, continues, "but my express will and direction are that he be never sent to that purpose to the colony of Connecticut, lest he should imbrue in his youthful blood the cunning and dissimulation to the people of that country, which is so interwoven in their constitutions that all their art cannot disguise it from the world, the many of them under the sanctified garb of Religion have endeavored to impose themselves on the World for honest men."

To have one son, a signer, Richard, who was born "15th day of August, 1730," Chief Justice of New York, the one who administered the second inauguration oath to Washington, and Gouverneur, Minister to France, was glory enough for one parent, and the world will forgive him for any peculiar views, without his asking Lewis Morris, the signer, married Mary, daughter of Jacob Walton, and Maria, who was daughter of William Beckman, Mayor of New Amsterdam, and of this marriage came the well-known Gen. Jacob Morris, of Otsego County, who at the breaking out of the revolution was only 19 years of age.

That Gen. Jacob Morris should fight his country's battles, goes without saying. He knew of what well might be called a Royal and patriotic stock, as his father, with all of his six sons, were in service during the war of independence. As I find history, I can only place Hopkins and McCook names by the side of this record. Think of it, my predecessors that low crest study Home Care! Gen. Jacob Morris served through the war, favorably mentioned by Gen. Charles Lee and other commanders; was, on Gen. Lee's staff, whose devoted friend he was, and distinguished himself at Fort Mifflin in 1776. Gen. Jacob Morris was married during the revolution to Mary Cut, and had twelve children by the marriage, most of whom lived to advanced age. One of his daughters married

Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State under Gen. Grant, a woman gracious of heart and manner, who never demanded for her position more than she bestowed as a private citizen. She was endeared to every one during her life in Washington, and with that rare courtesy which follows the good breeding of generations she always returned the first call made upon her in person, claiming herself exempt from a continuance by reason of the pressure of social duties she was always surrounded by. Considering the infinite variety of people she came in contact with, it is a wonderful record to give, "that she left Washington without having made an enemy."

Another daughter married a brother of Gouverneur Morris, and branches of this family have spread out through all sections of the State.

Gen. Jacob Morris married a second time, when he was over 70 and had one son by this marriage, Mr. A. P. Morris. Mr. Morris, Webster, a daughter of Hamilton Fish, has two beautiful miniature of Gen. Jacob Morris and his wife, taken when they were very young.

Gen. Jacob Morris died in 1814, at the age of 88. He is buried in the cemetery attached to "Morris Memorial Chapel of All Saints," which was opened in 1866 by contributions from the various members of the Morris family.

New Jersey has not lost her Morris, though many have wandered from her fold and bear other names. They go on their way rejoicing, glad of their own bright light to position, equally happy that their descendants can shine with greater lustre from the name into which they have merged their own.

LUXURIOUS EUGENIE.

Under Her Rule Paris Became a Scene of Extravagant Excesses.

There was a sort of intoxication in the very atmosphere of Paris, a fever of enjoyment—a passion for constant amusement, for constant excitement, and consequently constant extravagance. This was encouraged by the court, with the intention of giving an impetus to trade and of gaining popularity by displaying constant festivities. In the days of Louis Philippe there had been great moderation in all matters of luxury; the king and queen were aged, sensible, and recommended the young princes were kept within rigid bounds by example above them. But when the emperor came to the throne, after a period of revolution and consequent economical depression, he wished to react, and also to give the prestige of splendor to a court which so many did not seem to take to earnest. His beautiful wife, suddenly raised to a position of wealth, with nothing in her previous life had prepared her, finding what seemed unlimited means within her reach, keenly enjoyed the possibility of procuring everything that pleased her, and indulged her remarkable personal attractions by all the advantages of expensive toilet without consideration of cost.

Everything that she wore suited her admirably. Others tried to imitate her, and the general tone became raised. She had the art of constantly choosing something new and unusual, which attracted attention, so that, instead of being satiated with conventional types of silks and satins, which formerly had been considered sufficient for all occasions, every one tried to invent something different from others and to improve upon what had been seen before. Consequently, not only in dress, but in all matters of taste and luxury, there was an eager struggle to outvie others, to reach a higher degree of splendor, and extravagance became universal. Paris was a sort of fairyland, where every one seemed rich and happy. What lay underneath all this world did not bear close examination—the disreputable side of all kinds which too often were needed to produce the glamour deceiving superficial observers—"Life in the Tuilleries," by Anna L. Bicknell.

A WOMAN'S COURAGE.

She Killed a Cobra, Saved Her Husband and Two Children.

"Women," remarked a rather patronizing young man, "possess a certain courage of endurance, but when it comes to the facing of an alarming danger they weaken and succumb to nerves."

"I hate to be personal," said a woman, "but I once faced what you will admit was an alarming danger. My husband, who was stationed in India, was stricken down by fever. On the day the crisis was expected the doctor said that his life hung on a thread, but there was still a chance of recovery if he should fall into a natural sleep which remained unbroken for a certain length of time."

"After hours of tossing and moaning I had the joy of seeing him pass into slumber, which grew more natural as I sat, almost holding my breath, across the room. When hope was becoming joyful assurance, through the long window a large hooded cobra glided into the room and made straight for the bed, raising its head and softly hissing. "For one horrible instant I was paralyzed, while the snake reared up and about to instigate itself among the pillows. But it dropped and coiled itself on the floor beside the bed. The power of motion returned to me, and I crept across the room, raised my foot and ground my heel into the flattened head with its cold glittering eyes. The creature writhed furiously, coiled itself around my ankle like a vice, but I held my ground till the folds relaxed and I knew the snake was dead. The doctor found me on the floor in a dead faint when he called. My husband recovered rapidly, and, reassured as his dearest possession, a worn kid slipper.—Philadelphia Press.

TOWNSHIP COMMITTEE.

The regular meeting of the Township Committee was held on Monday night. All members were present except Mr. Haskell who was out of town.

The following bills were read and approved:

Samuel Polouet, supplies for public grounds, \$11.97; Thomas Higgins, superintendent public grounds, \$13.50; A. H. Olmsted, maps for County Parks, \$25; Walter Lane, sewer inspector, salary, \$50; A. H. Olmsted, fees for sewer house connections, \$49; W. U. Oakes, Superintendent Public Works, salary, \$41.88; W. U. Oakes, pay roll, \$133.35; M. Roberts, for care of Jane Bonnell, \$18; F. C. Bucher, bread for poor store, \$14; J. P. Scherff, medicines poor account, \$6.95; C. L. Voorhees, Postmaster, salary, \$41.66; Collector, A. C. Marr, salary, \$100; Clerk, W. L. Johnson, salary, \$50; Frank J. Towler, stamped envelopes, \$73.75; A. B. Kent, carpenter work, \$2.75; W. W. Young, cleaning drain, \$13.25; Cole & Swayze, retaining fee, \$125; Victor Corraze, janitor, \$6; Victor Corraze, janitor, \$6; N. Unangot, janitor, \$10; Samuel Polouet, fire alarm supplies, \$126.31; S. F. Hayward, fire alarm supplies, \$39.80; Excelsior Hose Co., No. 3, rent, \$23; August P. Olsen, salary, \$10; A. H. Olmsted, maps and surveys, \$33; Robert Foster, carting gas lamps, \$18.50; Samuel Shawcross, carting gas lamps, \$22.50; Montclair Gas and Water Company in full to date, \$1473.12; William R. Hall, Police Justice, salary, \$39.87; W. H. Thompson, cleaning police station, \$3.65; Samuel Polouet, supplies for police station, \$6.92; John G. Weden, special officer, 10 days, \$20; Mutual Life Insurance Company, interest, \$5.00; Thomas Hayes, janitor, \$10; Salaries of police officers, Chas. Hummel, \$61.20; J. R. Raylis, L. M. Collins, James Avery, James Foster and Thomas McKane, \$90 each.

A BROKEN FRIENDSHIP.

It Was Terminated by a Bullet in the Forehead.

It was in the early days of a town in southwestern Kansas. The deadly "45" was the most respected law of the place, and daily and nightly the saloons were congregated as a sort of men as could be found in any town of the size of the Mississippi, spending their time in gambling and drinking.

Monarch of all the roving rangers, Prather, his suit eight inches in the hand, his eight human beings had been sent to their long home. Prather's bosom friend was Billy Wells. He, too, was a "bad man" in the western acceptance of the term. Damon and Pythias were no more eternal than the two desperadoes. When one was seen, the other was always near. If one got into trouble, the other was always on hand to assist him.

The tragic end of this friendship came one summer morning. Prather had just successfully "stood off" a sheriff and his posse, and the crowd of roughs was congregated in his saloon, congratulating him, drinking to his health and celebrating the occasion by filling themselves up with what is known in western vernacular as "40 rod," preparatory to terrorizing the town. Suddenly Prather drew his revolver from the scabbard, and saying "Boys, watch me put a hole through Billy's hat," fired.

There was a yell of agony, and Wells fell to the floor wounded to the death.

"My God, have I killed him?" cried Prather, the first words of the day. She was working this stand for more than a year now. No one at the station knows anything about her, and she seldom says anything. This woman has the old-fashioned heartiness and the best of the character with skill. An old black shawl is drawn over her shoulders, and in cold weather her dress looks very faded. She stands well back in the corner and holds out her hand for money to every one who comes up to the stairs. Her face has now become so well known to people who use this station, that she is frequently questioned about herself. She is discreet in her answers, and she avoids awkward questions by shaking her head.

The Skyscraper Problem.

New York nearly always has something to discuss. Now the tall buildings are catching it. The houses with which the owners of down town real estate are putting up "skyscrapers" suggests a fear on their part that the legislature will enact a law limiting the height of buildings. A bill to limit the height of buildings was introduced in the last legislature. A committee of the chamber of commerce reported in favor of the bill, but the chamber took no action. Architects are divided as to the desirability of such a law, but the more eminent of them appear to be opposed to the erection of lofty office structures. That the bill failed to pass the legislature was due, in part, to the discovery that it was being pressed by the owners of a new 20 story building, who wanted to prevent their neighbors from erecting a similar building that would shut off their light on two sides. But there seems to be a general conviction that some law to limit the height of buildings according to the width of the street must eventually be enacted. Hence owners of available sites down town are hastening to put up lofty structures in advance of such a law. Already this spring several fine buildings have been pulled down to make room for higher ones. It is rumored that a great insurance building is to have several stories added to it, and that others are to be pushed up higher. Edifices that 15 years ago were considered ahead of the times are now ruthlessly doomed to destruction because they are not even up to the times.

JOSEPH REESMAN.

New York.

Buckingham's Dye for the Windows is the best, handiest, safest, surest, cleanest, most economical and satisfactory dye ever invented. It is the gentleman's favorite.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

Free Soda Water For Department Store Patrons—Three Montgomerys Try to Run a Store.

(Special Correspondence.)

The struggle for business is nowhere more active than among the proprietors of the mammoth department stores. Bargain sales are, of course, very potent attractions with female shoppers and at some of these goods are really sold at surprisingly low figures, but the patrons are becoming more shrewd with each succeeding season and there are many housekeepers now who make a practice of going to a store, buying there the advertised "special" for that day and then leaving to go to another establishment and repeat the experiment. Naturally this is not what the proprietors desire.

At a genuine bargain sale the goods are marked for the day, and the prices are put down at prices which leave only the narrowest margin of profit, the tradesman hoping to recoup through the other purchases made by those who have been attracted to the store by means of the alluring offerings. One of the largest firms in the city has hit upon a plan which is practically certain to cause the average female to rise up and call it blessed.

Free Soda Water.

One of the best quality water is supplied free to any one who may care to take the trouble to ask for it. In summer, when the mercury is hovering around in the nineties, this cannot fail to prove a potent trade inducement. It may be asked how it will pay to do this, as soda water is 5 cents a glass. That may be the selling price, but those who know that a high quality of soda water can be produced for less than 1 cent a glass. And then, besides, it is not likely that the proprietors of the department store in question will serve their customers with mediocre. By using small glasses the cost may be reduced easily to a half a cent per pleased customer, which, if it is admitted, is pretty cheap for what ought to prove really a most effective advertising device.

These Montgomerys on a Jury.

On the jury which is trying Mrs. Mary Alice Almont Livingston Fleming for the alleged murder of her mother by poison, for the purpose of coming into possession of a fortune of \$82,000 held in trust for her, there are three Montgomerys. As the population of this city is about 1,150,000, and from 100 of these are picked to form a jury, it will be seen at a glance that the chances against any one of them getting on the jury was about 11,500 to 1. A man who is fond of figuring out the chances against a given proposition tells me that it would have been perfectly safe to bet, before the trial began, something like 5,000 to 1 that one of the Montgomerys would be on the jury. And yet, despite the doctrine of chances, there they are. It will be admitted by any one who is at all quick at figures that there would have been a good deal more probability of guessing the number of fish in a small lake. These are the sort of things which are cited by lottery ticket victims in defense of their infamy to demonstrate that it is always possible to win the big prize.

A Very Persistent Beggar.

One of the most persistent beggars in New York, and one to whom neither the police nor the employees of the elevated railroad seem to pay any attention, is a middle aged woman who may be found at the first landing of the stairs leading to the up town station of the elevated railroad at Park place during the busiest hours of the day. She has been working this stand for more than a year now. No one at the station knows anything about her, and she seldom says anything. This woman has the old-fashioned heartiness and the best of the character with skill. An old black shawl is drawn over her shoulders, and in cold weather her dress looks very faded. She stands well back in the corner and holds out her hand for money to every one who comes up to the stairs. Her face has now become so well known to people who use this station, that she is frequently questioned about herself. She is discreet in her answers, and she avoids awkward questions by shaking her head.

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